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GARLAND
OF
TRIALS.



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The Garland of TRIALS.

THIS noble Relation which I am to write,
Behold 'tis concerning a great Baronet;
Five years he was married, as I do protest,
This noble Baron with a child was not blest.

At length his fair Lady conceived with child,
At which the said Knight and his Lady smil'd:
When time was expir'd, a daughter was born,
At whose birth the father and mother did mourn.

Her nativity he did calculate,
And found she was born to suffer by fate;
The Knight by her ruling planet did see,
A whore, thief, & murderer she was born to be.

Said he, When she's up to maturity got,
For the sake of her fortune, some villainous sot
Perhaps may defile her before hand; and so
This may be the first step to her overthrow.

To prevent all danger, this step I will take,
Some farmer (a tenant of mine) shall her take;
As a child of his own she shall be confin'd,
In that station perhaps no one will her mind.

To this wise intention his Lady agreed,
To one of his tenants she was sent with speed,
Who had for her boarding thirty pounds a year,
And good education they gave her, we hear.

Dutiful obedience unto them she paid;
Thinking them her parents their will she obey'd
When this Knight came thither his rent to receive
A guinea to this child he always would give.

Fourteen years & upwards this child stay'd there,
 The farmer and his wife went to a fair,
 And left this young Lady at home to stay;
 But see what happen'd while they were away.

As she was standing that day at the door,
 An old man begg'd of her, who was very poor.
 My parents they are not at home, she reply'd,
 And to give their substance I dare not, she cry'd.

With that the old beggar-man said with a smile,
 You are kept in ignorance surely, my child;
 They are not your parents whom you honour here,
 Your father's a Knight of ten thousand a year.

Such a Knight is your father, such a Lady your
 Besides, children they never had other [mother,
 For this news, she said, here's five shillings for thee,
 And into this matter I further will see.

When the farmer came home at night he smil'd,
 And said, What's for supper, my dearest child?
 Her answer was to him, what makes you say so?
 I'm none of your daughter, you very well know.

Such a Knight is my father; and I tell you plain
 I'll be satisfy'd e'er I sleep again.
 She took horse and rid to the Nobleman's gate,
 Where he and his Lady stood very great.

He said, Girl, how do thy parents do?
 Her answer was, Sir, that's best known to you.
 The girl talks madly, said he; let me know
 Upon what account you answer me so?

She said, Sir, a beggar-man came to the door,
 And he told me you was my father before:
 If this thing be true, sir, he tells unto me,
 Why was I put off in my infancy?

This you must allow, when I was born first
 I then was incapable to give disgust
 So far as to be banished for fifteen years;
 The truth of this matter, good sir, let me hear.

The he shew'd a reason for what he had done.
 At this news the tears from off her cheeks run.
 Said she, If it be so then hard is my lot,
 And in your 'scutcheon it may cast a blot.

For fear your honour I bring to disgrace,
 Give me a child's part, and I'll quit the place.
 With tears he embrac'd her, and for her did pray,
 So with riches on horse-back she rode away.

To the North of England this Lady went,
 Where in a lone cottage she liv'd with content:
 Her provision was brought her by a woman, who
 Brought it once a week, and away did go.

And for a diversion, this Lady bright
 Play'd on the spinnet, herself to delight:
 And as she was playing most sweetly one day,
 A young 'Squire chanced to come that way.

Who hearing the music, vow'd he would see
 Who in the cottage play'd so sweetly.
 The 'Squire knock'd, and call'd o'er and o'er,
 Saying, Open to me, or I'll break the door.

For to break it open he then did begin,
 At which the young Lady strait let him in;
 She said, Now be civil, I am a young maid,
 And am, of all females, of men most afraid.

He said, I'll not hurt thee; then did her embrace.
 Having sat awhile, he quitted the place.
 This sweet Lady's beauty so charm'd him, we find,
 That this noble 'Squire could not rest in his mind.

From seeing her daily he could not refrain,
 And by often coming her love did obtain.
 She promis'd him faithfully to be his bride,
 For which solemnizing they both did provide.

The night before hand with this Lady he lay,
 And went, protesting to come the next day.
 Next morning she look'd for the 'Squire to come,
 But he was confined to stay at home.

A fever that night the young 'Squire had seiz'd,
 And because he came not she was displeas'd;
 Crying, This will make my father's words true,
 My honour is stain'd, and what shall I do!

Because he has disappointed me now,
 If he comes to-morrow I'll not have him, I vow.
 When able to sit up the young 'Squire came,
 And the cause of his tarrying he told her the same.

He said, Love, to-morrow I'll make you a bride.
 Sir, for my oath's sake I'll not have you, she cry'd,
 My honour is stained, which brings me shame,
 No one but myself for this can I blame.

He said, Let us matry, to prevent all strife.
 Her answer was, No, I will not be your wife.
 Tho' not join'd in wedlock, this young 'Squire he
 Came three times a week this Lady to see.

As her time drew nigh for to lie down,
 He got her a lodging near to the town:
 When the time was expired she had a son,
 The 'Squire was pleas'd it was over and done.

Before the Lady began to sit up,
 He presented the child with a golden cup,
 On which was his name and coat of arms at large,
 Of this cup he gave the boy's mother a charge:

Saying, See my infant don't lose it, I pray.
 So then he embrac'd her, and so rode away.
 Now pray mark, good people, & soon you'll hear,
 To this babe the mother proved severe.

She sent the nurse out, and then did provide
 For to kill the child with a stab in the side;
 And said, With this stab I am sure it must die:
 Then she took the gold cup, and away did he.

In a widow's dress she went to Liverpool,
 And, being well learned, she set up a school.
 It happened the nurse returned with speed,
 And found the babe living, whose side did bleed.

When the 'Squire came & saw what was done,
 He griev'd, but thro' mercy preserved his son.
 Near the town of Liverpool the 'Squire had a farm
 For to keep his darling free from all harm,

With the farmer's wife the babe he did place,
 Where it was suckled and grew up apace:
 When the child was able, to school it did go
 Unto its own mother, who did it not know.

But often she kiss'd him, and said with a smile
 I know not the reason for my love to this child.
 At eighteen years old he was very tall,
 Of a sweet complexion, & comely withal. [find

To the farmer's daughter, who nurs'd him, w
 By his father's consent he in wedlock was join'd.
 Cries he, My school mistress in me took delight
 For which to my wedding I will her invite.

And being invited, as one innocent
 Unto the wedding his school-mistress went.
 Next morning, before the young couple were up
 His school-mistress came with her golden cup;

And unto the bridegroom the cup she did give,
Saying, Keep this as long as you live.

He said, That I will; thank you for the same.

Just then the 'Squire into the room came.

The school-mistress knew him, whose heart did ake,
Knowing herself guilty, her joints did shake.

At first sight, the gold cup the 'Squire he knew,

And said to the bridegroom, Who gave it to you?

He said, Sir, that woman gave it to me;

I think it is the finest I ever did see.

And the 'Squire said, A rich cup, I declare,

Here's my name and coat of arms I can swear.

The Squire said, Woman, tell me thy name,

And how you at first by this golden cup came.

For fear of his wrath she swooned away,

When her senses returned, he to her did say:

Come tell me thy name, or else with speed

I will draw my rapier, and stab you indeed.

Then she told him her name, which being done,

Said he, If it be so, where is your son

Whom I gave this cup to? She said, He is dead,

I stabb'd him, and for fear of hanging I fled.

He said, Wicked woman, as I have you found,

Your blood after his shall be spilt on the ground.

For stabbing my darling when passion was hot,

I'll cut thee as small as herbs for the pot.

With trembling joints on her knees she did cry,

For stabbing your infant I deserve to die.

He said, Before I take thy life away,

I will give you two hours in private to pray.

Then in a dark closet she was locked up, where

This sorrowful Lady for death did prepare.

Mean time to the bridegroom away he did go,

And gave him the truth of the matter to know.

He said, She's your mother, who think's you are dead
I am one that won't hurt the hair of her head.

But unto the closet he goes furiously,
Saying, Wicked woman, prepare for to die.
To see him with glittering sword in his hand,
With sighs and groans she before him did stand,
And said, Kill me the first stroke be sure,
That I may not be tormented long in my gore.
To hear these expressions a groan he did bring,
And no longer could bear love's piercing sting.

He said, be not troubled, thou joy of my life,
The bridegroom's your son whom you stabb'd with a
That this mournful Lady might be satisfy'd, [knife
They flew'd her the place she stabb'd in his side.

For joy to the bridegroom she gave kisses store,
And said, Now I hope all my sorrows are o'er.
The 'Squire said to her, Now since it is so
That our son is alive, will you have me or no?

To-morrow let's marry to finish the strife.
To this she consented; he made her his wife.
She said to the 'Squire, I'll tell you, my dear,
My father's a Knight of ten thousand a year;

But whether he's living I cannot well tell,
For to ride and see I hold it right well.
To her father's house they both rid with speed;
When her parents saw her, they both smiled indeed.

With joy they embrac'd her, while tears run down
And gave her a portion of twelve thousand pounds.
This worthy 'Squire it is very well known
Enjoys five thousand a year of his own.

He gave an estate to his son, and behold
Three thousand pieces of bright shining gold.
So now I will leave them in joy all to live,
Great comfort and joy in this world to receive.

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